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In the morning the servant woman having been sent out on some errand, on her return, went into the parlour, when the mother of the young dreamer asked her what was the cause of the bell-man's going about at so early an hour. She replied that a poor man had, the night before, lost a green purse containing three guineas and a half, and was going about the town quite distracted at the loss.

"Mamma," said the child, "that is the very purse I dreamed of last night; let me go and get it for the poor man." Merely to gratify the child, and not through any faith in his dream, his mother permitted him to go, accompanied by the servant. Before they had proceeded far, however, they learned that the purse had been found by an old woman, in the very spot of which the boy had dreamed. This, it must be allowed, was what in common phrase is called a sharp dream. The fact of its occurrence is indubitable. The child of that time is now an elderly man, and his mother, who still lives, a very old woman, and they both relate it as I have described it.

THE LEPRAWHAUN—A TALE OF SUPERSTITION.

SONNET INTRODUCTORY.

The winter's nights are long, and storms are rife
The dashing hail careering to the earth,—
The wild winds shrieking in their savage mirth,—
And mingled roar of elemental strife;
Place me on such a chilling night beside
The lonely cotter's hospitable fire,
And let me hear the grandam or grandsire
Tell how the fairy lights such times deride
The way-worn traveller, on his painful way,
With hope of shelter nigh; and then relate
How in times past, for which they have no date,
The Elfin court at midnight used to stray
From *forth** to glen; and how upon the lawn
At eve, they met the wily Leprawhaun.

In the note on the following verse in one of "Moore's Melodies," he says that he always thought that the spirit alluded to was called the Leprawhaun—but that Lady Morgan, a high authority on such subjects, has assured him that it was not: at the same time he does not tell us what sort of a fairy imp it may be, or to what class of the tribe it does really belong. The one (class) generally known by the name of fairy among our peasantry, are those which are said to be seen assembled in multitudes, engaged in their antic, grotesque, and wild gambols—or parading in all the state of olden courts, with plumed warriors and ladies bright. Then follow the pooka, will-o'-the-wisp, the spirits or fairies of the water—which class partakes more of the wizard and magic character—the banshees, the fetches, an undefined and vague class, and the Leprawhauns.

Her smile, when beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted;
Like him the sprite,
Whom maids at night
Oft meet in glens that's haunted;
Like him, too, beauty won me;
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

The Leprawhauns are supposed to be the artizans of the fairy kingdom—the tailors, brogue-makers, smiths, and coach-builders, &c., &c., and are acquainted with all the hidden treasures of the earth. Still they are but a very inferior grade, and partake more of materialism, if I may use the word, than any of the rest of the fairy tribe. They

are said to be usually seen in the evening in some lonely shrubby spot, pursuing their avocations, during the fine weather; and when caught, have not the power of flying from you while you keep your eyes fixed steadily on them; keep him in this manner if you catch him, without losing sight of him, even for a twinkling, and you can command treasures to any amount your highest and most extravagant wishes may lead you to demand. The tiny little creature will use every exertion to free himself from your grasp or the fascination of your gaze; and as he is wonderfully wily, and wise, and cunning, there is a possibility, amounting almost to an actual certainty, that he escapes without making the captor a penny the richer. Whether it is considered a disgrace to be caught and commanded, or overreached by the dull children of mortality, or that they do not wish, unless in cases of the utmost necessity, to deliver up the treasures of which they are entrusted with, the secret, or keep-the-key, is not thoroughly known. But it is the general belief that sooner than comply with the wishes and commands of man on the subject, they will try every device that their cunning can invent, to cause him for an instant to divert his attention or his look, and then, like the grasping of a sunbeam, they are vanished into airy nothing. Such is the character of the Leprawhaun; and if Moore's sprite is not one of the class, I do not know what is. I imagine, from my spending a long period of an idle life among our peasantry—entering into the privacy of their dwelling, and the feelings of their hearts, that I ought in some measure to be acquainted with their thoughts and faith upon, to them, so important a subject as the secrets of the invisible world of spirits and fairies. But my introduction is best illustrated by the following tale, told as an actual fact.

There are few who ever travelled in the south of Ireland but have seen or heard of the beautiful and exceedingly romantic ruins of the very old Castle of Carrigadroid.* It is situated on a steep rock which rises in the river Lee, about two miles and a half to the east of Macroom, in the county of Cork. But few have ever heard how Carrigadroid was built, or why it was built in that lonely and wild situation. My legend, which is popular in the district, must give the world the wonderful secret.

Old times must have been very curious times, when a man could not go outside his cabin door after nightfall without meeting with the fairies and linawnshees—when one of the antient Milesian families could not depart this life at home or abroad, in battle or peaceful bed, but half the country was frightened from its propriety by the dismal wailings of the banshee;—when it was the most dangerous thing in the world to insult an old woman, especially if she was a stranger, lest you might draw the spiteful vengeance of an old witch upon your back; then where went your sleep at night, or your appetite by day?—then what caused your teeming churn to withhold its sweet rich store of butter?—what caused your most fruitful milch cows to become suddenly dry, and your young cattle to die of strange disease? when leprawhauns were to be met with in every silent glen, and music heard in every rath. These were old times; but who would like to live in such times?—yet in these old times was the celebrated castle of Carrigadroid erected.

Donogh Caum† O'Driscoll, the poor son of a lonely widow, lived by the side of the river Lee, in a rude cabin secluded from the world. Donogh tilled his spot of land and tended his solitary cow on its banks; and at times fished in the river and carried the produce of his skill and industry to dispose of them in the town of Macroom, one of the most antient in the kingdom. Now though Donogh was poor and crooked, with a hump on his back, yet he was a warm hearted, good kind of a generous little fellow; and one day as he went to sell his fish to Macroom, and as they were very fine, he took them up to the castle where lived the great Tegue More McCarthy, named the Magnificent, from the splendour in which he lived. His extravagance and high living had, however, reduced him to the last, at the period when our story commences; and

* The name given by the peasantry in some districts to the rath or mound so very frequently met with in Ireland, and so celebrated as the resort of the fairies.

* For description see first page.

† Donogh Caum—Donogh, or Dionysius the crooked.

as my narrator has it, "he couldn't get a farthin' more for love or money to keep up his goins an." M'Carthy, and his beautiful daughter Maiga, were at one of the casements as Donogh approached, and enquired, with his *Bereadh** in his hand, and his little willow basket on his arm, for the steward. The chieftain, prompted by some unusual spirit of curiosity, or, perhaps, surprised at his curious figure, asked what he had got in the basket. Upon which Donogh displayed his piscatory store to the admiring eyes of M'Carthy and his daughter. While they were gazing at the fine fish all alive, Donogh was lost in contemplating the wonderful beauties of the lovely Maiga, and replied he did not know what, to all their questions. The steward came, but as he had no money, and as the chief and his daughter so much admired the fish, he did not know how to procure them from Donogh, who was well known as the most exact man in his calling that visited Macroom. However, as my informant said, "the mischief cracked a rib in him that time;" and he told the steward that he might have them till he came again.

Donogh Caum returned, with a new heart, or without one rather. He could think of nothing but the lovely Maiga, and her long, rich, flowing tresses of black raven hair—her large commanding dark eyes, and her graceful and queenly form, and the deep sweet tones of her voice, that still echoed in his soul as she addressed him in a tender voice by the titles of poor man, and honest man. Twice he went the wrong way on his return, so wrapt was he in the feelings that were kindled for the first time in his bosom; and it was not until the shrill tones of his mother's voice broke upon his ear, that he awoke to the sad reality of his own desolate and miserable situation. His supper was left untasted, and the night passed sleeplessly away, and his fond mother became uneasy when she found her only child in trouble; for, deformed as he was, she loved him with all the sincere and warm affection of a mother.

The next evening, as Donogh was straying by the lonely banks of the Lee, wrapt up in the picture which his fancy had wrought for him, he wandered into a little wooded dell that gently sloped to the brink of the clear water. It was a silent and secluded place, where the hazel and the whitethorn were closely mingled, and the low sloe-thorn formed a cherishing defence round their roots. He paused as he came to the brow of the sloping dell. The summer sun was just sinking far away in the west, and cast his departing beams into the bosom of the glen; tingling the trees and shrubs, and the curling ripples on the clear river with a golden hue. He paused to admire the scene; for though he often trod its woody mazes before, yet he thought it never looked so rich. Suddenly a slight, tapping noise at a distance caught his attention, and he turned his head towards where the sound was arising from a close entangled clump of tall hazels, blackthorn, and briar; out of the centre of which arose a tall, wide spreading ash-tree. He stole round the clump on tip toe, and at the sunny side he beheld a little figure not the height of half his leg, sitting on a little stool, and hammering away at a little shoe which was laid across his knees. He paused for a moment to gaze at the unearthly being, who appeared so busily engaged at his employment as not to notice the mortal intrusion. He was dressed in an old and long disused habit, with a curiously formed covering on his head; and his little features were tawny, puckered, and spiteful, like those of a crabbed old man. Donogh often heard of the leprawauns; and he knew the tiny creature before him was one of that tribe; so summoning his faculties to the task, he approached the fairy shoemaker.

"A fine evenin' for your work this, my little man," said Donogh, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon the leprawaun, and determined to hold him fast despite of consequences.

"It is indeed, Donogh Caum," replied the little man, looking somewhat startled, but with a spiteful and malicious grin.

"Wisha, then, you're a fine little brogue-maker," said Donogh.

"Sure I'm nothin' to that man ahind you, you crooked thief;" said the leprawaun.

Donogh, having often heard of the tricks and wiles resorted to by these beings to release themselves from human power, and aware that this was only said to induce him to look aside that he might escape, replied,

"I'd rather look at yourself my purty little man," said Donogh.

"Who's that man comin' over the river there?" said the leprawaun, pointing with his finger in the direction of the water.

"Yea, thin, go look and ax, you schamer;" said Donogh, stooping down, and seizing the little man by the middle, "come, tell me where there's a power o' money, or as sure as I stand here I'll stick my *shavin** in your tripe;" and he drew a large clasp knife from his pocket, which he opened with his teeth, still keeping his eyes unwinkingly on the leprawaun.

"Sure you wouldn't murder the likes ov me, then?" said the unearthly man.

"I don't want to curse or swear, but iv you don't let me have the goold 'ithout any nonsense, I'll give you your guts for garthers this mortal minnit," said he, with a wicked and determined look.

"Oh, thin, don't look so black entirely, an' I'll tell you all about it; but take the pint ov that ugly knife away from me, an' don't squeeze me so hard out an' out;" and Donogh relaxed his pressure and withdrew the knife. "Do you know where the Giant's Causeway is?" said the little man.

"I hard talk ov id," said Donogh.

"Well, then, at the foot of a big rock where there's a lone bush, on the very top ov the cliff, there's a crock ov goold that id buy the whole ov the county of Cork;—now let me out."

"Ketch me at id, my gay ould codger," said Donogh; "it's not me that you'll get to run from one ind ov the world to the dother, on your fool's errand; that won't do, you must tell me where it's nearer than that, why, or by the—"

"Oh! then don't curse, you unfortunat *disciple*†, said the leprawaun; "do you know the hill ov Tara, then?"

"I only hard talk ov id," said Donogh.

"Then its there in an ould dhrav well, on the aist side, that there's as much goold an' dymens, an' plate, an' silver, as id purchase the province of Munster: wisha, then, would you like to get it?" said the little wrinkled man, with a sneer.

"It's no use in your talking this way, I tell you," replied O'Driscoll; "tell me where's the money, that I can lay my *crang*‡ on id: recollect I have the knife at your s.r-vice."

"Oh! its a purty way you're talking," said the leprawaun, looking about him in alarm, "and there's Manus O'Mahony's mad bull breakin' his neck running to kill us both, you lame *omedhaun*."

"Where! where!" said Donogh; who was lame, and could not run well, looking in the direction pointed out by the little man. At the same instant a wild, unnatural laugh rung in his ears, and on looking about again his hand was empty, and the leprawaun vanished. "Oh! bad win to him the *sleeveen*§, said the disappointed Donogh; but its the puck you are entirely, you weeny black-guard; never mind, maybe its ketching you again I'd be."

Donogh returned home and told his mother the adventure he had with the little old man, and how he tricked him. The old hag, who was deeply versed in all the old rules in such cases, shook her head.

"You'll be either a lucky or an unlucky mumber," said she; "if ever you meet him *agin* don't be wantin' to know where it is, but make him *give it* to you on the spot; an'

* The Irish for knife—a kind of dagger used in battle.

† Idiomatic and figurative—wretch—a decrepid creature—an ill formed miserable.

‡ Claw or hand—expressive of the act of clutching eagerly.

§ A sly deceiving creature—this word is full of varied and strong expression.

* The name for the Irish cap or bonnet.

lay his back up agin a stone, an' swear if he doesn't give it to you afore you count a score, you'll grind the pint ov your knife agin the stone through him at his back; an' don't be palaverin' wid him at all at all."

In the mean time Donogh went to fish the next day as usual; and being very successful, he trudged to Macroom the day following, and never paused on his way until he reached the castle of Teige More McCarthy the Magnificent; but who now could, with more truth, be called the beggar: for though he still held his rank and his castle, yet he was indebted to the charitable donations of his serfs and tenantry for the support of himself and his daughter, the fair Maiga. Donogh entered the castle, and again beheld the sun of his heart with her father. He approached them cap in hand, and displayed the contents of his basket before them. The steward came and made excuses about the money; but Donogh could neither hear nor see; his attention was fixed, and his senses all engaged in contemplating the perfect form and peerless beauties of the chieftain's daughter; and when she retired with her father, the love-smitten cripple turned away, forgetting that such things as his fish and basket were in the world. His mother was surprised at the alteration in her son's demeanour, no less than at his returning from Macroom without certain articles which she desired him to bring; but when questioned, he answered so foolishly, and so wide, that she deemed for certain her only child must have been fairy-struck, and, consequently, beyond human relief.

Carrickadhroid was at this time a wild, uninhabited spot; and the rock rose craggy and steep from the centre of the river, with here and there stunted shrubs starting from the fissures; and the banks were wild, steep, and rugged. This river was the favourite resort of Donogh Caum: its silence and gloom accorded with the tumult within his mind; and, from morn to eve he used to lie stretched listlessly on the green turf in a tangled copse, poring over the running river, and picturing to his mind's eye the enchanting form of Maiga, or cursing the lot of poverty and wretchedness that was cast for him. One evening while thus extended beneath the rays of the setting sun, he heard again the quick continued, though light tapping, which led him to the haunt of the leprawaun before; and bending his ear to listen, he silently gathered himself to his limbs. "'Tis he again," said he to himself, "there's no one ever heard him once, or seen him once, but heard and seen him three times, iv they didn't obtain their wish at first: the third is the worst chance—now fortune befriend the poor cripple!" He anxiously and cautiously stole to the spot from whence the sounds issued, and seated at the foot of a dwarf alder, he beheld, busily engaged at his old employment, the withered little man of the brake. Donogh fixed his eyes upon him, and drawing his skhein from his pocket opened the blade stealthily, and then approached the old man with a rapid stride.—The ill-fared tiny thing grimaced up in his face as he darkened the sun-beam with his shadow.

"It's you again, then, Donogh O'Driscoll—an' how are you? an' how did you get away from Manus O'Mahony's mad bull?" said he.

"I have you agin, you treacherous ould miser," said Donogh, seizing him with a firm grasp; "an', be my conscience, you won't get away so easy as you did before."

"Look at that fellow there," said the old man, "making game ov your hump an' crooked leg?"

"I'll not question or answer with you," said Donogh; "but as sure as I stand here, crooked and deformed as I am, iv you don't bring up this minnit as much raal goold guineas as I'll be able to carry home, I'll have your blood to manure this barren spot where I stand."

"Wisha, then, its very wicked entirely you are this evenin'," said the leprawaun; "but there's the beautiful Maiga, and her father, Teige More, comin' up alongside the river yandher."

Donogh started—the old man touched his heart strings, yet he paused, and at once perceived the drift, and determined not to change his look if death were at his back.

"Speak to me no more," said he to the old man; "don't speak to me one word, but bring up the goold here afore me this minnit, an' give it up, right and title,

into my hands afore I count a score, or it'll be your last iv it was to be my own last the next minnit;" and he laid the leprawaun's back against a stone, and the point of the knife to his breast and began counting as fast as he could—"one, two, three, &c." until he reached fifteen; and seeing the old man had not spoken, he grew furiously angry, and pressed the knife tightly against his body.

"Stop, stop!" cried the leprawaun; "you're a lucky man, Donogh O'Driscoll, and you've won the day. I'll give you more than you ask, or more than you require;" and he stamped with his foot upon the spot where he stood, which opened, and disclosed a long, deep earthen vessel filled to overflowing with gold and silver; in which several antique and uncommon wrought ornaments, flaming with gems and diamonds, were mingled.

"But is this all raal gold now; it won't turn to cock-bo: an' will you give it all to me?" said Donogh, between doubt and joy.

"Fool!" said the leprawaun indignantly; "isn't my word pledged; and do you imagine, like the clayey sons of earth, that we children of a brighter sphere will cheat and break promise, when once that promise is given? Let me go;" and with a violent jerk he flung himself out of the grasp of Donogh; and, as rapid as thought, changed from the wrinkled old man to that of a young and fair-formed, though still small and tiny being; and waving his hand, "Donogh," he said, "you will be happy—I have said it;" and breaking a branch from the dwarf alder bush, he struck Donogh a smart blow across the face, which deprived him of sight for a few moments; and when he again looked about him, the leprawaun was vanished.—The little cavern was still open; and beneath the treasure shone up, dazzling the eyes of the bewildered Donogh. He stooped and gathered some of the gold and silver, with which he filled his pockets; and replacing the cover on the broad and deep earthen unformed vessel, covered it up with clay and moss, and returned home to his mother. The old woman started when she beheld him. "Wisha, then, who are you?" she asked in surprise and fright: "your face is the face of my own bouchal—your voice is the voice that used to gladden my heart; but he was humped and lame, and you are straight and clean-limbed." Donogh, in the joy of his heart, never observed the change for the better which the fairy had made on his appearance, and he now became doubly rejoiced.—His store of riches was inexhaustible. He purchased all the lands belonging to the great chieftain, Teige More McCarthy; and wooed the fair Lady Maiga; who promised to marry him when he had a castle built for her reception on the romantic rock of Carrigadhroid. "Money is the grand mover," and Donogh O'Driscoll, now no longer *caum* or *gurtherough*,* soon had the magnificent castle built in the centre of the river Lee, the beautiful ruins of which still delight the eye of the traveller. He was shortly after married to the lovely daughter of McCarthy; and here they abode during a long and happy life; but at his death the secret of the treasure died with him: the leprawaun, as is supposed, claiming the reversion. The castle came afterwards into the possession of the McCarthy family, and was a situation of importance in the civil wars of 1641. Such is the legend of Carrigadhroid.

J. L. L.

CRUMLAGH AT DALKEY.

SIR—With reference to the article "Dalkey," in your Journal of the 15th February, No. 85, I beg to inform your correspondent B. that about the year 1797, on that part of the common nearly opposite Dalkey Sound, stood a circle of granite blocks in a rough state, enclosing within its area a crumlagh, or what is commonly called, by the peasantry, a druid's stone or altar. At the period I mention, the upper stone or slab had slipped from off the perpendicular blocks or pillars which originally supported it, except at one end, where a passage was still left sufficiently wide to enable the writer to pass and repass under the upper flag. The stones were at the time overgrown with fern. When the Martello towers were erecting, the stones composing the ring, which were from ten

* Poor, miserable, or miserly.